



↑ *30 Yards (Minor Tragedies Dissected)*, 2005. Steel, glass, chairs, rowboat, truck bed, fuselage, trailer, pipes, electrical conduit, wiring, lights, fan, wood, plywood, wood flooring, papers, and paint, 60½ x 156 x 172 in. (154 x 396 x 437 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York, and Mary Goldman Gallery, Los Angeles

WHITNEY Whitney Museum of American Art
at Altria



↑ *Your vigor for life appeals me*, 2005. Wood, plaster, lights, wiring, plumbing, flooring, and scaffolding, 288 x 288 x 420 in. (732 x 732 x 1,067 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York, and Mary Goldman Gallery, Los Angeles

ROB FISCHER

OCTOBER 27, 2005–JANUARY 22, 2006



↑ *Not waving but drowning*, 2005. Fiberglass boat, steel, mirrors, wiring, lights, and construction adhesive, 90 x 56 x 46 in. (229 x 142 x 117 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York



↑ *Living Will*, 2005. Wood, plaster, light, and wiring, 72 x 96 x 30 in. (183 x 244 x 76 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York



↑ *Not waving but drowning*, 2005. Fiberglass boat, steel, mirrors, wiring, lights, and construction adhesive, 90 x 56 x 46 in. (229 x 142 x 117 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York



↑ *Manyfold (Minotaure)*, 2005. Wood and steel, 86 x 86 x 78 in. (218 x 218 x 198 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York



ROB FISCHER: Here Is Always Somewhere Else

Men dream of flying because they thirst for a state of mind where they need not worry about the placement of their feet.

Robert Grossman, *The Book of Lazarus*¹

That's the problem, I thought—most people try to tell the many stories of their lives but are interrupted, time and again, until they begin to forget them.

Gina Ochsner, *People I Wanted to Be*²

HOW DO WE EXPLAIN A LIFE, OUR OWN or any individual's? "How did I end up here?" These are questions that we tend to want to answer by citing a series of singular events—things that either happened to us or that were precipitated by us, a good story unfurled as a narrative of critical choices and dramatic moments that have shifted and diverted our paths according to a clear vision of who and what we would become. But in fact the trajectories are not as magisterial as we would like to believe: it is usually the minute, unnoticed decisions that shape our existence, and those are much harder to track. Failed or successful attempts to fulfill our desires require continued renegotiation and reorientation, and follow a far more elliptical, regenerative cycle than the teleological linearity of a cause-and-effect narrative. Perhaps the things that one strives to *not* be are in fact the most present, existing quietly behind those attempts toward grandeur. To further complicate things, life's stories are often swayed by our motivations to retell and make better sense of "the way it was."

Throughout his earlier practice, and most explicitly in recent sculptural installations he describes as "footnotes to an unknown story,"³ Brooklyn-based artist Rob Fischer addresses the revisions of these contingent, aleatory histories. Fischer's sculptures have often incorporated recycled

vehicle parts or vernacular architectural elements familiar to the landscape of his native Minnesota—trailers, boats, single-room cabins and houses, trucks, Dumpsters—for their formal and material qualities as well as the individual stories embedded in their histories. It is easy to imagine that the spatial relationships of the layered sculptural forms and our path through and among them (which becomes of increasing importance in his work) might suggest a diary of use. However, rather than functioning as an explicit series of true events, for Fischer the forms are cartographic, mapping specifics and deeply linked to a lived reality while also abstracted to a set of symbols that have broader and more universal meaning.

In Fischer's most recent large-scale installation of works from 2005 at the Whitney Museum at Altria, it is perhaps the smallest work—a diptych of photographs—that anchors and illuminates his media and practice. In *Highway 71 (Blur)* the two snapshot-like images of a group of parked trucks in an anonymous American countryside have clearly been taken from inside a moving vehicle. The setting sun glints on the edge of a car window, its glare challenged by a bright orange of trucks bursting into flames beyond—the color painted on the image by the artist. The blurring of the

1. Robert Grossman, *The Book of Lazarus* (Chicago: Northwestern University Press, 1997), 27.

2. Gina Ochsner, *People I Wanted to Be* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2005), 37.

3. All quotes from conversations with the artist on September 12, 27, and October 26, 2005, unless otherwise noted.

image suggests speed and escape from the destruction left behind. Throughout his career Fischer has compiled similar photographs of common dwellings and vehicles, often abandoned, as an image library, studies for future works—and in the past few years he began to apply paint to their surfaces. Initially his painterly intervention was a protective gesture, blocking out the windows of people's houses in white to protect their privacy. Later he came to feel that the houses, essentially stand-ins for the absent people, were themselves emanating that light, a kind of "blinding spirit." More recently he has taken to depicting the internal combustion seen in *Highway 71 (Blur)*, perhaps the most extreme act of protection through destruction.

These works embody recurrent aspects of Fischer's oeuvre: the altered photographs collapse memory, reality, and one's imagination of events witnessed and those imagined. The fleeting temporality of the snapshot form (enhanced by the viewer's vantage point inside the artist's moving car) contrasts with the painterliness (suggesting a more fixed state) of the smoke and flames, which in turn connote an immediate, transformative event. In Fischer's sculptural works, too, time is unstable and vulnerable, undermined by the tension between the urge for change and movement and the desire for stability and protection. His glimpse of violent destruction suggests the fragmentary and vestigial episodes of its anonymous and unaware victims, who would go on to interpret and retell the events. In exposing the nobility and the loss of such tragedy, Fischer sees these works as reflecting the human will for survival: "these fire paintings . . . were all about this reflection, or lack of, as a means of self-preservation. It is a blessing—memory loss. People have an amazing ability to select the memories that help them cope. It is true that people's memories of painful experiences are of them not being as bad as they thought they were at the time. Ignorance may not be bliss, but the opposite can be unbearable. Life would be overwhelming."

Outside the gallery, in the Whitney Museum at Altria atrium, a curved container of blue metal sits on one of the granite platforms,

washing viewers with an intense light emitted from a translucent white opening. The work, *God wrote Convoy in here*, can be understood in part as the three-dimensional representation of Fischer's series of painted photographs. The piece, consisting of a truck's inverted sleeper cab, embodies the tension between mobility and place that underlies the photographic series as well as many of his sculptures. The decontextualized cab creates a space of protection within its hidden interior, owing both to the cab's original function as a private, mobile compartment and its reconfigured presence in a public arena. The inaccessible room glows with a beatific light, implying incubation or transformation, a spiritual transubstantiation that is denied the viewer. Just as Fischer protectively painted out the windows of houses he photographed, here he uses light to the same effect. It is so intense that, like the sun, it's difficult to look at directly. The shining whiteness is an intimate source of warmth and light within the vast, cold exterior space. The title, *God wrote Convoy in here*, adds to an idea of internal strength and resistance—Sam Peckinpah's 1978 movie *Convoy*, based on C. W. McCall's popular country song of the same name, centered on the community of support that arose around a trucker's vendetta against a corrupt sheriff. Fischer wryly evokes this reference, with the Almighty rebelliously personified and claiming his space.

The sculpture that occupies the balance of the gallery, *30 Yards (Minor Tragedies Dissected)*, a revision of Fischer's 2004 Whitney Biennial submission *30 Yards (Minor Tragedies)*, is made of a Dumpster quartered and stacked into a square cross-section. Each rusted quadrant is filled with a careful composition of material that integrates at least seven of his other sculptures, crushed into the whole. Sheets of bent and shaped metal intersect with scrap plumbing that angles in graphic patterns through the interiors; striped metal barrels protrude perilously from an upper section; old wood beams, overlapping like shingles, comprise a side wall as formally precise as a geometric abstraction. The rusted, skeletal remains

4. The artist's first sketches for the Whitney installation were based on schematic versions of old city maps. Hallways converged elliptically on a central point and filled the space like veins to a heart or tree roots to a trunk. As with the metaphor of plumbing, these constructions rhyme with human and natural patterns.

of the Dumpster structure create four uniform frames for the compositions within, each a kind of "painting" with three-dimensional materials. Glass windowpanes in one of the sections add multiple frames within a frame.

Fischer's practice of recycling previous sculptures into newer works is less about his embrace of found objects than a reflection of his organic working process. The original *30 Yards* folded all of these layers of others' discarded objects within the Dumpster shell, but exposed them and the suggestions of their individual histories by replacing the steel sides with glass panels, a change that is also typical of his use of Dumpsters. In this final version of the work the artist has dissected and rearranged that collection, not in violation of its integrity but with an eye to increased clarity, getting to the "truer version" through each successive reorientation. As each permutation reuses material from past works, Fischer develops the layering of meaning he refers to as "the refusal of your own history to let you go." This connectivity is embodied in the recurring use of plumbing in Fischer's work, creating visual conduits connoting circulation and nourishment. Though it is more metaphorical in *30 Yards*, in a recent installation he joined the discrete sculptures (several of these are the empty rooms or closets that are a critical part of the artist's formal vocabulary) with pipes running between and through them, as if it were the original plumbing displaced as a house was pulled apart. It also created one visually complex linked system within the space, requiring viewers to be conscious of their movements through it as they ducked beneath or stepped over the pipes.⁴

As one moves from the gallery into the vast atrium space in the Whitney installation, the sculpture is further abstracted and conceptually focused on the tension between ambition and humility, between the desire to transcend the anonymity of life and the near-inevitable failure of that attempt. The installation is anchored on opposing sides of the sculpture court (an architectural emblem of corporate power and strength) by Fischer's own explorations of monumentality and hubris. On one

side, a massive tower of stacked semi-modular cubic forms of wood and plaster climbs around a spine of steel scaffolding nearly to the 40-foot ceiling. Entitled *Your vigor for life appalls me* (from a book of letters by noir-comic master Robert Crumb), it competes for attention in scale and presence with the strident geometry of the mirror and steel sculpture on the other end, a shimmering, gridded construction that mimics the basic form of a triumphal arch. *I bet you think this song is about you* is a 20-yard Dumpster oriented vertically, the interior panels carefully sliced out to retain only the structural steel skeleton, with the balance of the planes replaced with mirrors and an "entranceway" through which we might pass. Between these two forms, five smaller discrete sculptural pieces wend their way across the multiple levels of the public space and the gallery, providing our navigational course. This suggestion of a narrative trajectory emerges as both an undercurrent of the installation and an integral reading of the individual works. The word *navigation* itself is emblematic of Fischer's exploration—to steer a course on, across, or through a medium, to make one's way.

As we approach the tower, it becomes impossible to view the entire construction at once, and thus the individual views of the work take on increased importance. The primary building blocks of the work are what the artist refers to as "closets and hallways"—minimal, schematized versions of those forms in a combination of plastered and unfinished wood, which, like much of Fischer's work, are oriented as needed for support and composition, thus troubling their familiar associations. Floors become walls become ceilings become coffins, amplifying their dislocation from quotidian context and allowing them to be read as purely formal elements. They are closets that don't hold things, hallways that don't lead anywhere. That each container in the enormous structure is scaled to the human body calls attention to their emptiness and sense of alienation—or, when laid horizontally, death. The accumulation of like forms suggests a community, yet the empty elements never truly

6. Fischer's approach recalls a version of the story painted in 1563 by Peter Bruegel the Elder (c. 1525–1569), who was known for his focus on the beauty and truth inherent in daily life. His *Tower of Babel* illustrates a ziggurat of earthen brick with architectural elements clinging to it in seemingly haphazard piles and other inexplicable assemblages of machinery—the human vestiges of the event.

7. Vito Acconci, from the work *World in your Bones* (1998); see *Vito Acconci Studio* (exh. cat. Musée des Beaux-Arts de Nantes and Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona, 2004–5), 408–410.

merge, remaining vulnerable, exposed, and largely alone. Once we are close to the piece the interior scaffolding becomes more visible, an organic arrangement of steel poles and clamps that begins to resemble a semi-exposed spine, powerfully structural and infinitely delicate. At the same time, the minimal palette and velvety plaster against raw wood form a series of abstract, sensual compositions from different vantage points around the tower, shifting volumetric to planar. The artist in fact cites a number of painters, rather than sculptors, as influences for his thinking about space and composition—Giorgio Morandi, Luc Tuymans, Magnus von Plessen, and Kai Altoff—who layer paint and color in veiled planes of semiabstract, semirepresentational form, encouraging facile slippages between generality and specificity, flatness and depth. Fischer is particularly drawn to the fragility of how the objects and spaces they paint barely touch, a hesitancy embodied in much of his own work. Here the gentle palette of whites, grays, and neutral beiges mitigates the enormity of the piece, creating painterly interactions of ghostly monochrome that dissolve the structure from certain viewpoints, while circumnavigation disassembles the object into its volumetric parts.

Your vigor for life appalls me was initially inspired by Fischer's interest in the biblical story of the tower of Babel. As described in the book of Genesis, the original community had grown tired of being a nomadic people, so they taught themselves brickmaking and settled to build their homes. Soon they were building tall monuments, leading to ever-more ambitious goals: "Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for ourselves and not be scattered over the face of the whole earth."⁵ In spite of their remarkable innovations, God was displeased with their arrogance and took steps to limit such human ambition, "confounding their tongues" so they could not communicate and thus could not finish the structure.⁶ Fischer was less intrigued by the dramatic result of the Babel endeavor than in its underlying human motivations: "people invariably

attempt to be bigger than they are"; the heartbreak so often inherent in that ever-replenished desire; and the impossibility of some ideas to coexist without destroying themselves. He sees his tower less as a monument to a society's failed ambition, however, than to an individual's, the carapace-like vestiges of personal pride. Hope and despair lay down the unfinished walls, erect the velvety white siding, wrap the worn floorboards around a partially hidden interior, and frame out the structure of a person's existence. "You learn to live with your second skeleton," wrote artist Vito Acconci, "it moves as you move, like a shadow, a mirror image, a dancing partner, a devil."⁷

The huge scale of *Your vigor for life appalls me*, like that of the colossal mirrored Dumpster it communicates with across the atrium, inevitably recalls memorials and monuments, which are typically dedicated to the achievement of some grand success or to the celebration of noble sacrifice. Here and throughout Fischer's work, the artist pays tribute to the shadows between the imagined ideal and the smaller negotiations of our lives.⁸ Franz Kafka's story "The City Coat of Arms," about the building of the tower of Babel, describes its incompleteness not as an act of God, but one of man's constant struggle with an idea of progress or non-progress: as each successive generation learned more sophisticated building techniques, they would tear down what was previously built and begin again the "right" way, thus dooming the tower to terminal incompleteness. Along with the personal tone that his choices of materials lend to much of Fischer's work, his practice simultaneously takes the shape of larger cultural metaphors, cycles of destruction and renewal that are reflected on all scales of experience.

Fischer attributes this fluidity between specific and universal to his own visual heritage, the rural midwestern landscape of his childhood—a different view of architecture as part of and within the landscape rather than in a position of dominating or conquering it (as more commonly conveyed within an urban environment). The artist describes how houses, farm equipment, cars, and trucks

largely remain where they were abandoned, falling apart and decaying slowly until "rather than reading as a piece of human intervention in the landscape, they end up as little islands of nature in the middle of the fields again. . . . All of these things left in the fields then recycle into, regenerate, new life."

Just beyond the aggressive brightness emitted by the sleeper cab sculpture, a meager light glows within a smaller work, *Living Will*. Though minimal in structure and palette, the work nonetheless plays on many of the same conceits as in the massive tower. It rests on the floor, as if a single wood and plaster module had been removed from the tower and laid on its side. The stillness of the all-white form is enhanced by three steps rising to its top, forming a humble, empty stage. A light-bulb inside the container, just beyond comfortable viewing, calls attention to the semi-hidden interior; its proportions and orientation recall a vacant sarcophagus. As with the tower, Fischer uses absence to powerfully evoke the human form, the under-stage light giving a claustrophobic weight to the empty spaces of both sculptures.

In contrast to the near-palpable ray of *God wrote Convoy in here*, the tentative light of *Living Will* embodies the variable interpretations of the title. Of course it suggests the legal document in which an individual appoints another to make choices that we usually associate with decisions about their final life support (a last deliberate act at a moment defined by an inability to make decisions for oneself), but the title could also imply the will to life—hence the light—suggesting that idea of choice is the only constant that illuminates our movement through the world. Will has no physical nature; it is purely a composite of experience, habit, and impression that inspires an action and, here, inspires a monument. Fischer has likened the piece to Native American spirit houses that are still scattered throughout the melancholic landscape of northern Minnesota. He was particularly struck by the burial houses from the 1930s and '40s, rotted and on the verge of collapse, at the brink of no longer marking their graves. Yet as their name suggests,

these memorials never held the bodies of the deceased, but rather their spirit of living—this is the will that the sculpture commemorates, even as its emptiness suggests ephemerality and loss.

The sculpture *Manyfold (Minotaur)* is likewise as densely layered with meaning and oblique connections to the other works as it is minimal in form. Constructed of found flooring from a domestic interior, the work suggests a three-dimensional section of labyrinth or a partial aerial view. The deep-brown wood planks show the vestiges of their earlier life, running parallel to the path of the labyrinth and emphasizing a sense of internalized movement. As in many of his works, Fischer employs a familiar material in uncanny ways—the flooring runs comfortably along the ground then turns up and climbs into a wall, bending sharply again to become a section of ceiling. The confusion of space evoked by a seemingly simple form is implied by its title: built by the legendary inventor Daedalus, the mythical labyrinth was to contain the monstrous offspring of woman and bull, the Minotaur. The labyrinth was a space both of protection and violence (the Minotaur's captor, King Minos, required the annual sacrifice of seven virgin girls and boys to ensure the beast's cooperation), but it also represents the despair of the infinite, of endless, lonely wandering, and of claustrophobia and containment. The story connects to ideas of hubris and destruction seen in the Tower of Babel tale: after Theseus breached the maze and killed the Minotaur, Minos imprisoned Daedalus and his son in his own invention. Sacrificing all available materials, Daedalus created a set of wax wings for his son Icarus's escape, but despite his father's warning, the boy attempted to fly too high and his wings were melted by the sun, so he plummeted to his death.⁹ These two legends embody undercurrents throughout Fischer's installation—ambition and failure, creation and destruction, will and loss.

The swelling curve of a nearby piece, *Not waving but drowning*, beckons from its perch on a raised landing of the atrium, atop the stairs to the exit. Lying on its side, the rise of the metal hull of a

8. In a conversation with the artist about the flux between the ideal and what is settled for, he described a hand-lettered sign he had seen when driving in Minnesota in the summer of 2005 that he couldn't get out of his head. The sign advertised the sale of some unknown personal property for "500 dollars or best offer."
9. Incidentally, the morality tale of Icarus's death was the ostensible subject of another painting by Pieter Bruegel that emphasized, like Fischer, not a recounting of monumental events, but how such things are largely unremarked—upon at the time of their happening, however defining they later become. The painting focuses on average people going about their business, tilling the soil, transporting goods on the waters—Icarus's tiny leg disappearing beneath the sea off to the bottom right foreground, unnoticed.

bisected boat assumes an organic sensibility, the mottled and cracked surface like withered skin of a beached animal. As with much of Fischer's work, there is a sense of a narrative in which something went wrong. Though generally impossible to surmise exactly, the title—the refrain from a poem by British writer Stevie Smith—suggests a story of misinterpretation, the attempt to communicate gone awry.¹⁰ The cavelike interior of the boat is closed off by panels of mirrors, melding a houselike architecture to the boat bottom. The artist's repeated use of mirrors enhances the work's placelessness; as they reflect and incorporate their environment they become subsumed within it, curiously anonymous.

While Fischer's work remains deeply tied to specific locations and geographies, whether of his native city and its environs or the desiccated backyard of his Brooklyn studio, the idea of place he describes conveys a liminal state of uncertainty. His earlier work, from when he was still living in Minnesota, had more directly referenced the tension between the desire for mobility and change, stability and place. Though the familiar and utilitarian elements were recognizable, he modified his hybrid sculptures to obscure a transparent purpose—a practice still evident in *Not waving but drowning*. Instead, such works embodied what the artist refers to as a "sort-of" purpose, a transitory state of imminent movement or complete stasis, a sense of apprehension and fallibility, where the tentative choice takes precedence over the grand gesture. More recently, works such as *Manyfold* (Minotaur), *Living Will*, and *God wrote Convoy in here* tend toward greater abstraction, where the references are less recognizable. The simple forms of the smaller works in the Whitney installation imply a directness that is then denied by their modifications—often upending meaning by upending literally, hinting at purpose where ultimately there is none.

Looking up from the boat-house sculpture to the enormous mirrored Dumpster-archway of *I bet you think this song is about you*, it appears a cast-off element from the larger work, shed from its grid-
ded geometry. Lined entirely with mirrors

except for the human-scaled doorway, the Dumpster is at once monumental and oddly insubstantial. Again, the reflective surface dissolves the space it occupies by enfolding its environment within. As it offers an image of what surrounds it, the closed surface of the mirror also conceals, as if protecting some secret behind, much like the emanating light of *Convoy* or the painted-out windows of the photographs, and the rusty patina of the metal frame gives the work a sense of age and history recalled from other sculptures. The grid of Dumpster skeleton mimics the framework of the enormous windows of the atrium architecture, for example, while the tangle of images tilting and intersecting in the mirrored panels bankrupts the blustering machismo of its corporate modernism.

The humor of the title *I bet you think this song is about you* (a line from the Carly Simon song "You're So Vain") mitigates the unavoidably iconic presence of the piece, a reminder that it is not a monument to anything but what you see within it. The work also evokes the dangers of vanity and hubris, here turned specifically onto the viewer. For Fischer, it was necessarily constructed from a real Dumpster, maintaining a connection to its original incarnation, "in order to become something else." The archway makes it a marker of passage between states. Like the closets incorporated into *Your vigor for life appalls me*, the former container no longer contains; like the hallways that connect no rooms, it becomes about itself as a conduit. As usual, the Dumpster is reoriented—it has just stood up, the human gesture of getting on its feet. For Fischer this position is one of defiance and willful resolve, whereas the horizontal Dumpsters represent a passive motion. This adjustment suggests a spectral past composed of the refuse of lives or a place; it becomes a memorial of sorts. That the mirrored archway also feels like a massive altarpiece in the cathedral-like space of the atrium projects a reverential, sacred atmosphere that is in other works as well. While the traditional connotation of triumphal entry is blunted by its positioning at a distant wall, it announces instead one's conscious movement around and

through it, framing a view of the other sculptures within its doorway. This placement reminds the viewer of the choices of space through which he or she has just passed, retelling the story just formed, in front of their own image, as memory and time insubstantially folds in on itself.

Creating narrative structure, assembling life into a story, is arguably the most essential process of human consciousness—perhaps we are only able to understand the world by organizing it into these frameworks. We need these stories to attribute meaning, purpose, and a future to our lives, but they are created as much by exclusion as by what is selected. The almost incidental quality of the “not-told” is the fundamental content of Fischer’s work, where beauty is found in heartbreak and solitude, what he calls a fascination with the “damaged character.” The philosopher Immanuel Kant famously wrote that “out of the crooked timber of humanity, no straight thing was ever made.” Fischer assembles skewed, circuitous, oblique timbers into the resonating pathos of his work in the recognition that straight things are merely someone else’s way of telling the wrong story.

—Shamim M. Momin

Born in 1968 in Minneapolis, Rob Fischer received his BFA from the Minneapolis College of Art and Design. He currently lives and works in Brooklyn and has exhibited his work in solo exhibitions at venues including Cohan and Leslie, New York; Mary Goldman Gallery, Los Angeles; Madison Art Center, Wisconsin; Conductor’s Hallway Gallery, London; and Art in General, New York. His work has also been featured in several group exhibitions, including *Greater New York 2005* at PS1; *Open House: Working in Brooklyn* at the Brooklyn Museum of Art; *Project Spaces* at Artists Space, New York; *Interval* at the Sculpture Center, New York; *Three Suitcases* at Art and Idea, Mexico City; *Sculpture on Site* and *100 Years of Sculpture: From the Pedestal to the Pixel* at the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; and *Guarene Arte 97* at the Fondazione Sandrietto Re Rebaudengo, Turin, Italy. His awards include a residency from Art in General, New York (1999); a Bush Foundation Artist Fellowship Minneapolis (1998); a Minnesota State Arts Board Visual Arts Fellowship (1996); and a Jerome Foundation Fellowship, Minneapolis (1995).

10. Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.
- Poor chap, he always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
They said.
- Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

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↑ *God wrote Convey in here*, 2005. Semitrailer sleeper cab, plastic, and lights, 84 x 84 x 60 in. (213 x 122 x 152 cm). Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York, and Mary Goldman Gallery, Los Angeles



↑ *Highway 71 (Blur)*, 2005. Synthetic polymer on two chromogenic color prints mounted to plexiglass, 20 x 20 in. (51 x 51 cm) each. Collection of Daniel and Brooke Neidich, courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York





↑ I bet you think this song is about you, 2005. Steel, mirror, and paint, 54 x 93 x 276 in. (137 x 236 x 701 cm).
Courtesy Cohan and Leslie, New York

